

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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REVIEW.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF WESLEY.

That Southey's prose writings are far more excellent than his poetry, as must necessarily be the case with those who look to their libraries instead of nature for their ideas, is now a very generally received opinion with all readers,—and that, of all his prose compositions, the life of Wesley is the most interesting, we believe will be admitted by all who have read his writings. That no weight or importance is due to his opinions or inferences in any case where political subjects are in question, directly or indirectly, nobody can doubt who knows that he has for a long time been one of the most prominent writers for the Quarterly Review.

The most popular of all his works, in Great Britain, is his life of Nelson, the incidents of which are sufficient to make it so, even if divested of those graces of composition which Southey has bestowed upon it. But the unprincipled sacrifice of all regard to virtue, religion, or moral estimate of character or action, on the altar of English prejudice, which is required from all the British ministerial writers, is as fully exemplified in this work as in the Quarterly Review. The horrible, cold-blooded murder of the most respectable and venerable of all the Neapolitan patriots, of one whose character was of inestimable value to his nation for the proof it afforded, that it was possible, even for Naples to produce a patriot worthy to be a leader in the cause of freedom—this foul murder, accompanied by every circumstance of treachery and baseness,—committed for the gratification of the vengeful passions of the vilest prostitute of modern times,—is called by Southey a *weakness*, and represented by him as the only circumstance in the life of his hero that is not in the highest degree praiseworthy. And although we do not recollect one instance in the life of Nelson, of the sacrifice of any passion or inclination to principle, but on the contrary, a forwardness in yielding to any temptation set before him, yet, excepting this instance of *weakness*; he is held up by Southey as a model for the future heroes and patriots of the British nation.

The doctrine that the will of the British

ministry, and the prejudices they may choose to foster among the people, are to be regarded as paramount to the laws of God, cannot be disregarded by any of their hireling writers with impunity. Indeed a neglect to enforce it upon all occasions is not tolerated;—of this neglect, Southey seems to have been guilty, in some measure, in his life of Wesley—he has also in some of his task-work, too plainly evinced that it was performed with a feeling of disgust and a disrelish to that prostitution of his talents which was required of him:—as is seen in his Vision of Judgment and some of his other tasks, which appear so like irony that it is difficult to determine what feelings they were intended to inspire.

For these offences, it appears that Southey has been condemned to the punishment—which indeed he richly deserves, but he deserves it for pursuing his former course instead of deviating from it,—of being tormented by the pack of small fry who are retained for this purpose by the ministry. Of these, the chief Spirit is that prince of buffoons, the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, who for droll, unfeeling, careless, easy buffoonery has never been equalled; and for the utter disregard of any thing like truth or candour,—or rather for ostentatious, offensive attempts to bully them out of countenance and out of company, he is as notorious as for his efforts in favour of gluttony, drunkenness, brutality and ignorance. We cannot imagine any thing more offensive and painful for a man of any feeling, than after having long been associated and identified in action and principle with a set of men whom in his heart he must despise, to be set upon, and worried, by one of those *bullying*, lying fellows, who having neither feeling nor principle themselves, despise and ridicule it in others, and whose utter ignorance of any kind of sensations except those of appetite, secures them from reprisal.

The editors of Blackwood's Magazine and the John Bull, are the most distinguished of this class; the former of whom, after bestowing unqualified commendation on Southey's Life of Nelson, and senseless, 'tho' laughable sarcasms on all his other writings, speaks thus of his life of Wesley:

"Perhaps Southey's Life of Wesley is the most remarkable instance extant, of the ridiculous extremities to which vanity of this

kind can carry a man of great talents and acquirements. Who but Southey would ever have dreamt that it was possible for a man that was not a Methodist, and that had never seen John Wesley's face nor even conversed with any one of his disciples, to write two thumping volumes under the name of a Life of Wesley, without disgusting the public? For whom did he really suppose he was writing this book? Men of calm sense and rational religion, were certainly not at all likely to take their notion of the Founder of the Methodists, from any man who could really suppose that Founder's life to be worthy of occupying one thousand pages of close print. The Methodists, themselves would, of course, be horrified with the very name of such a book, on such a subject, by one of the uninitiated. Probably, few of them have looked into it at all; and, most certainly, those that have done so, must have done so with continual pain, loathing, and disgust. But our friend, from the moment *he* takes up any subject, no matter what it is, seems to be quite certain, first, that that subject is the only one in the world worth writing about; and, secondly, that he is the only man who has any right to meddle with it.* On he drives—ream after ream is covered with his beautiful, distinct, and print-like autograph. We have sometimes thought it possible that the very beauty of this hand-writing of his, may have been one of his chief curses. One would think, now, that writing out, in any hand, dull and long-winded quotations from Wesley's Sermons, Whitefield's Sermons, their Journals, their Magazines, &c. &c. &c. would be but poor amusement in the eyes of such a man as Southey—more especially as it must be quite obvious, that they who really think these people worthy of being studied like so many Julius Cæsars, will, of course, study them in their own works, and in the works of their own ardent admirers; and that, as to mankind in general, they will still say, after reading all that the Laureate has heaped together, "Did this man never read Hume's one chapter on the Puritan Sects?"

* Two excellent qualifications for a Biographer, if he do not exhibit them often and offensively, in the course of his work. It is probably, the possession of these qualities in authors, that renders all auto-biographies so interesting. [Ed.]

The truth is, that a real historian, either a Hume, or a Clarendon, or a De Retz, or a Tacitus, would have found no difficulty in concentrating all that really can be said, to any purpose, about Wesley, Zinzendorf, Whitefield, and all the rest of these people, in, at the most, fifty pages. And then the world would have read the thing and been the better for it. At present, the Methodists stick to their own absurd Lives of Wesley, and there exists no Life of him adapted for the purposes of the general reader, or composed with any reference to the ideas of any extensive body of educated men whatever.

Nevertheless, who will deny, that in these two thick volumes a great deal both of instruction and amusement is to be found? The hero being what he was, it was indeed quite impossible that this should be otherwise. And the complaint is not of the materials, nor of the manner in which the most interesting part of them is made use of, but of the wearisome mass of superfluous stuff with which the Laureate has contrived to overlay his admirable materials, and to make his fine passages the mere oases in a desert; and of that portentous garrulity, for the sake of indulging in which, he has not drawn the extraordinary man's character."

Z.

MORAL TALES.

SELECTED.

PRIDE.—A DREAM.

One gloomy afternoon in November, sitting in my elbow-chair by the fire-side; after reviewing all the incidents of my own life, and the merits, blemishes, virtues, faults, advantages, drawbacks, prospects, and disappointments belonging individually to the character and condition of my neighbors, "Alas!" cried I, "What can equal human wretchedness? What a poor weak creature is man! How exposed to temptation! How open to the allurements of vice! Look where we will, if he is not addicted to crimes, we shall find him hurrying along blindfolded, as it were, by passion and prejudice, from one absurdity to another. How many disappointments, perplexities, and misfortunes, have I myself met with, that could not be laid to the score of negligence, or the want of caution! How many follies have I entertained without making them welcome! and how many faults have I committed without an intention to do wrong! A man stands no chance with the infirmities of his nature: he is a mere machine, and is acted upon by external circumstances, as much as the mariner's compass. Let the attraction of virtue be ever so strong, it will not always keep true to the point; there will be yet some variations, and some vibrations, that we trust and hope will be allowed for in the last great reckoning."

These unhappy murmurings continued, till wearied out and oppressed by the repetition of the same ideas, I fell fast asleep: when methought I was introduced, not into a drawing-room, but up three pair of stairs, into the garret of a philosopher. Its shape was a scalene triangle; the furniture consisted of one solitary chair, and a deal table, upon which was a broken plate, a tin pepper box, a wooden candlestick, and as I thought, a portable camera obscura, which seemed to occupy the entire attention of the philosopher, who appeared to be a tall thin man, with a pale face & extremely black beard. I fancied, that at my entrance the old Gentleman accosted me with great civility: "I am already acquainted," said he, "with the subject of your late contemplations, and with the favourite doctrines of necessity, to which you seem so much to incline; and perhaps I may be able to assist your enquires. You see this camera obscura: I have brought it to such perfection, that it faithfully exhibits the road of human life, with all its turnings and windings; and its construction is such, that it not only represents the objects of nature, but delineates truly the passions, virtues and vices of men; you will be able to discover by it their pursuits and inclinations, and the chief cause of their general ill success in their pursuit after happiness; you will soon perceive by it what it is that distresses, misleads, and annoys man through the journey of life."

I thought that I very readily accepted the invitation of the philosopher; and, looking through the aperture, I beheld a surrounding landscape, fertile and barren, cultivated and waste, mountainous and plain, intersected with innumerable roads and paths; some spots laid out in beautiful gardens, others spread over with weeds; some parts watered with fruitful springs, and others dry, and without verdure. I observed edifices of various kinds, towers, castles, palaces, and cottages, mingled together, and was expressing my admiration of the capacity of the instrument, when I thought the philosopher interrupted me; "You may perceive," said he, "that the world, take it in the whole, is no such bad place to live in; but let us endeavor to discover what it is that prevents our enjoyment of the blessings that it affords. Fix your eyes upon a particular object; select for your observation a youth just issuing forth from one of the temples of education, and observe the course he takes." Methought I was not long at a loss for a subject; I observed a fine handsome youth, with the bloom of health upon his cheek; but fancied I discovered a degree of audacity and haughtiness in his looks, that did not very well correspond with a proper education; particularly as I saw that the master of the seminary was a clergyman: but upon examining more carefully, I discovered that the old gentleman's black coat was patched

all over with shreds of Greek and Latin passages from different authors; some sublime and delicate, others vulgar and obscene; a few of these he had stuffed into the ears of his pupil, but not a single rule of reason or precept of religion had he conveyed to him; the truth was, he had but few of them himself, and none to spare. I thought at this moment I asked my friend the philosopher, whether the youth I had noticed set out alone on his important journey through life. "Certainly not," replied he; "it would be something unusual if he did. It is true, he will not have the companions who ought to accompany youth; you will not see Virtue with her robes unsullied as the falling snow, nor celestial Piety in her milk-white vest; as for Modesty, she is seldom found in these temples of public education, having been ill-treated by the Ancients, and being almost disowned by the Moderns: but if you will look with attention, you will discern two very extraordinary personages, extremely proper to accompany a young gentleman of his family and fortune. Do you not observe a creature of an uncommon figure, a mishapen mass, a lump of wretched deformity; its eyes inflamed and glaring; its little nose turned up at the point and its cheeks inflated? See: it is mounted upon stilts; and, though it is in constant dread of a fall, will not forsake its uneasy exaltation. That admirable person," added the philosopher, "is *Pride*; and next to him you will notice a spruce little gentleman in superfine black, with well powdered hair: he is the *Tutor*, who holds his respectable office upon the express condition that he should not offend the great personage on stilts, who is intended by the parents of the young gentleman to be his constant companion through life."—"But pray who is this," cried I, "that appears advancing towards them, a more remarkable figure than either of the other two; I mean that little animal with a pair of boots on its legs, that resemble two enormous pillars, a coat with puckered sleeves, a black wig, and embroidered pantaloons? It seems to change its appearance every instant, and is followed by a number of people, who appear to be taylor, barbers and shoemakers, with a numerous train of little deformed imps."—"That, sir," said the philosopher, "is *Fashion*; the urchins behind are its children, and are called *Absurdities*. See how eagerly the youth follows the monster; it will introduce him presently to some more good or genteel company." I imagined that this remark of the metaphysician was immediately verified; for a lady now joined the party: she had a mask, which she held carefully before her face; was dressed in a robe of rich silk, and seemed desirous to please the young traveller; presenting him every instant with opera and masquerade tickets, cards, dice, &c. till she wearied herself with

her polite attention. 'I presume you guess who that lady is,' said the philosopher: 'her name is *Dissipation*; she always wears that mask in company, but is without it at home, where her true countenance is that of chagrin, vexation, langour and pain: in short, the pale unwholesome complexion of a disturbed rest and an unquiet mind.'

I thought that at this moment I beheld another of the acquaintances of Fashion: it was a little crooked man, whose physiognomy presented a mixture of pleasantry and spleen: he carried a bag in his hand, which I observed, as fast as he filled it with gold at the top ran through a hole at the bottom. He had a constant convulsive motion in his elbow carried his pockets filled with cards and dice, with which *Dissipation* had supplied him. I imagined the philosopher told me, that this extraordinary character was *Play*. 'He is,' said he, 'intimately acquainted with *Ruin*: they are almost always together; you can never be long in company with the former without knowing the latter.' I thought that at this instant I cried out on seeing the goddess *Fortune*, who, I imagined had just arrived to the aid of the youth, emptying as fast as possible, her cornucopia among these deformities, who were joined by two more; a poor, feeble, wretched being, with flaccid cheeks, sunk eyes, and pale unwholesome face, supported upon crutches; and another, with bloated cheeks, eyes inflamed and glaring, reeling drunk, and singing obscene and filthy songs. I thought the philosopher informed me that the first was *Sensuality* and the next *Debauchery*. I observed that all these gratefully returned an ample share of their miseries and calamities, for the gifts that fortune bestowed upon them. I thought I now felt extremely interested for the youth who appeared in this situation; and that I addressed the philosopher. 'How is it,' said I, 'that these deformities are not seen by our young traveller?' I thought he answered, 'Oh, *Fashion* takes care of that:—she, assisted by *bad example*, whom you may observe in the shape of an old school-fellow of the youth's, spreads a veil before his eyes, through which *Pride*, *Dissipation*, *Play*, *Sensuality*, and *Debauchery*, appear almost amiable, but always proper and necessary companions for a person of his rank and figure.'

I thought I took the liberty to enquire of my friend the philosopher, who would be the next person that the youth would meet with on his journey; and that he answered, 'Why, I am afraid it will be *Ruin*. I see him striding with hasty steps to this place; he is the child of *Pride* and *Dissipation*, and a beggar by birth; I see him at a little distance, spreading out his net, which is curiously woven by gamblers, money lenders and lawyers:—see! he is already entangled.' My fancy no sooner painted his situation, than I exclaimed, 'Poor wretch! and will

he never get out of the meshes of this detested net?' The philosopher answered, 'There are hopes that he may. Providence always knows when to furnish a friend, and amendment is the antidote of ruin; but he will always feel in some degree the effects of his misconduct.'

Methought I now turned away from the instrument and its faithful representation; when the philosopher addressed me nearly in the following words: 'well what think you of the doctrine of necessity now? Is it of necessity that we become acquainted with these respectable characters, which my camera obscura has presented to your view and which are unknown to many of the inhabitants of the world? Can it presumptuously be laid to the charge of the Almighty, that we first create and then worship such misshaped images as these? Has he not given us *Truth* and *Religion*; do we not constantly observe the effects of *Virtue* and the consequences of *Vice*; can we be at a loss to determine right from wrong? The miseries of mankind proceed from the want of a steady adherence to certain and fixed principles of truth, which it is the great business of education to promulgate; and as these should become better known, and more diligently pursued, moral and physical evil would decrease in proportion. Unfortunately, we nurse and cherish these deformities, instead of rendering the numerous offspring almost extinct by smothering the urchins in their infancy. Every man who has a child has the probable means of preventing one half of the miseries usually attendant on life, by a proper education; not by the common course of education, but by uniting with classical learning, the principles of truth, and the excellence of *Religion*; both designed by the Creator for the benefit and happiness of man. Let it be remembered, that the great enemy of his peace and prosperity is *Pride*.'

At these words I awoke; and, though I was sensible that all that had passed was merely a dream, yet I believe much of it will every day turn out to be true.

FIRST LOVE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

A first love, as I understand, and have felt it, must be an early love; it is only during that season of youth when every one is more or less romantic, ere the realities of life have been proved, ere the mind has been habituated to the control of those rules and measures of conduct to which imperious necessity compels our submission in commerce with the world, that the passion can be entertained. The "vanity of all things" must not have been experienced or felt; at least, it must not be known, that even for love there is no exemption. The mind's young delusion must yet remain: it

may be wise in learned laws and adages, but it must not have proved this truth: it must not have in any moment experienced that loathing of existence, that oppressive sense of the burthensomeness of life which has been felt by all who have numbered many years. Hope must yet be strong and active; and all the happy feelings which attend the morning of life yet unchilled and unbroken. Continued habits of intercourse with the sex destroy also that freshness and quickness of sensibility needed for a first love. If, after long habits of such intercourse, the charms of any one woman should strike the heart more deeply than those of her fellows, the sentiment produced is, nevertheless, far different from first love properly called.

Having thus explained what I mean by a first love, I will now proceed to my own tale.

I had not in my youth grown familiar with the beauties of the sex. I was born, and passed my early years, in a remote and sequestered district, in a bleak and desolate country, embosomed in mountains. The only women I knew, were the rude peasants who surrounded my home, with the exception of an antiquated aunt who presided over our household, and the pert, saucy, tawdry daughters of the poor curate of our parish. If I had seen others, I had yet no acquaintance with them, or they were objects on which it was impossible to fix regard. I was educated by my father, who was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and had been driven to the seclusion I have described by peculiar circumstances: but it is beside my present purpose to relate his story; that may be reserved for a fitter occasion. I was well educated: I had read all the Greek and Roman authors which usually fall within the course of instruction. I had also read the best English books selected from my father's library. In these books I had read much of love; and I well remember the wonder with which I perused the account of the powerful effects ascribed to it. I could never understand what was meant by the witchery of women, by the potency of beauty, by the transports of love by its ascendancy over the reason and other passions: all this was to me a marvel and a riddle. My father died: I was just seventeen, and under circumstances which it is not necessary to explain, I left my home early, and was fixed in the family of a near relation of my mother in one of the richest counties of England. There I passed the short interval from my father's death till my entrance on the profession to which I was destined, and now belong. Between what I was then and what I am now, it would perplex the most subtle investigator to discover a point of resemblance. I was an awkward, artless lad, unacquainted with life or manners, and bearing about me in

innumerable particulars, the characteristics of my solitary studious boyhood, passed in a recluse and barbarous district. I am now not old. I have yet a keen relish for the joys of gaiety and dissipation. I am to be found in the crowded haunts of pleasure and fashion. I am, in outward form, in aspect, and demeanor, and in my general modes of thinking, acting and speaking, what is termed a man of the world.

I have been a hacknied gallant, a practised man of pleasure, adroit, confident, unblenching, yet my memory loves to dwell on my sensations when first, a raw stripling, I was introduced to Anna Hervey.

The effect which an apartment studiously accommodated to all the purposes of luxury and embellished with all the voluptuous refinements art is capable of producing on the mind of a novice, has been frequently described: but what is it to my sensations on being transported from a dreary, bleak, and desolate region to the delicious and cultivated garden which the country around * * * * * formed? Every object which I saw conspired to make the same impression upon me. I had exchanged savage rocks, and sterile hills, for rich pastures and luxuriant corn fields. Instead of stunted shrubs and briars, I beheld the bountiful foliage of the finest timber. Above my head, no angry cloud lowered, but the blue firmament expanded to my sight. The tenants of these scenes were equally different from those of my earlier abode. The women were no longer coarse, ill formed, haggard, or miserable; but appareled, to my eyes, with elegance and taste, themselves clothed in loveliness and beauty. Some delightful object possessed my every sense. I found myself in a world of happiness; gaunt poverty, grim, shivering cold, seemed to be banished from the scene. To walk forth in this paradise, to look on the wealth, the comfort around me, gave delight to my soul. It was while every thing thus disposed me to feel the full influence of her charms, that I met my first and best beloved. She was an object so new to me, so delightful to me—but if I go on to describe my emotions, I shall only ring the changes on that word, delight, nouns, adjectives and adverbs, a thousand times. Anna's beauty was of that species exclusively English. Not tall, but delicately shaped, her person full, her complexion fair, her eyes large and round, and bright blue, her hair auburn; such are the terms by which I must endeavour to convey to the mind of the reader a conception of that image my soul treasures up. How weak, how inadequate are they! She seemed to me all innocence and sincerity, and my love was as guileless as ever love was. The romance of my heart fed upon the thought of her. I felt new life; I felt a power, an elevation of soul and intellect which I had never experienced. Every

song of love and chivalry which I knew, rose to my lips, and I carolled them over a thousand times. I felt an hero. How soothing to my vanity was the first intimation I received that I was not indifferent to her! How anxiously did I look for a confirmation of it! I have stood in the "imminent deadly breach," I have been where havoc raged far and wide around me, I have had my nerves and fortitude tried in other and perhaps more fearful perils; yet never did my eye exert its watchfulness with half that steadfastness and intensity with which it regarded the bright blue eye of my first love; and when it returned the undoubted glance of favour, how glowed my heart! It may seem childish—but what is real and natural cannot be ridiculous. To this hour, however, I well remember that particular turn of countenance which I loved best—'twas when I looked upon that countenance and it was raised to meet my eye, half jocund with the sportiveness, and half blushing with the apprehensiveness of young love. My name, too, with what magical sweetness did her utterance endow it. That name—the truth will out, and I shall stand in some degree confessed. I am an Irishman, and that name is a Milesian one. I love to hear it loftily and roundly sounded, but I loved more to hear her lips breathe it, however curtailed of its fair proportions. My own voice too—its brogue is now gone—but how its sounds appalled me as I hearkened to hers. Amongst the men I felt unabashed, if not proud of the large, full volume of my country's dialect; but when it was heard alone with the soft clear accents of my fair young Englishwoman, it struck upon my ear like the growl of a savage. We used to ride and walk together, and then I was happy. I won her gradually.

Some "passages of my love" were too dear and flattering to me to be forgotten. Let not the reader smile as I detail one. I well remember one day, which we had fixed for an excursion together, became, shortly before the appointed hour, overcast. I kept the tryst, nevertheless, and she came abroad with me. Then, as I viewed the lowering sky, my eye turned upon her soft and delicate form, my heart smote me, and I said I should be too selfish to take her forth in such weather; but she would not return. We had gone only a short way, when snow began to fall, for the winter had come. Again I remonstrated: yet we continued our progress; nor did we turn homeward till we had, notwithstanding my reiterated solicitations to the contrary, gone some miles. The snow became heavier; and my apprehensions for my fair companion proportionally greater. With some little difficulty I prevailed upon her to allow me to place round her neck the military kerchief I wore upon mine; and shifting myself from her right to her left side, as the

storm veered in its direction, I succeeded in protecting her. I have had the brightest gems from the fairest women of the * * * * * but I must not boast;—never was lady's favour so grateful to me, as was that incident of the kerchief. That I experienced such sensations may sufficiently demonstrate how guileless and simple, yet ardent, was my passion; but I am tempted to mention some other particulars. What then will my reader think, when I tell him that one of my chief pleasures was, when, in our rambles together, we stopped for rest, to form of such materials as lay within reach, a throne for my fair companion, and to seat myself at her feet! When so placed I used to look up at her, and, while our talk was of indifferent matters, my soul banqueted on the thoughts which the view of her beautiful and innocent countenance created within me. I enjoyed a reverie more delicious than I can express, and the elements of which I am equally incapable of describing. Vague images of love and peace, and gentleness and virtue occupied my fancy: I must have experienced something like what the Poets have done in their day-dreams. All I know is, that I had on such occasions greater enjoyment than the whole course of my after life has afforded; and that I would give all I possess of the substantial goods of life to taste again the same shadowy bliss.

While thus I dreamt my soul away, time flew by, and the hour at length arrived which summoned me abroad. I must be brief at the hazard of being abrupt. I need not say with what indications of mutual reluctance we were severed. I was too poor, as well as too young, then, to marry, and I could not, therefore, venture expressly to declare my love: but words surely were not needful to intimate it. Had not my assiduity, my covetousness of her company, my glowing eye, my flushing cheek, my whole mien evinced my devotion; and had not our lonely walks and rides together, our happy meetings, our reluctant separations, all attested the affection which animated us? We parted, and with a heavy heart I took my way. Heaven is my witness, how fondly I yet loved, when, after the lapse of eight months, I unexpectedly found myself free and disengaged. I had no room for hesitation as to how I should dispose of my leisure. I flew back to * * * * *. My first inquiry was of Anna Hervey. "Anna Hervey no longer"—was the response: she was married. When somewhat recovered from the effect of these tidings, my question was, "how married, and to whom?" I need not detail, however, the manner in which I became successively acquainted with one circumstance after another. Let me hasten to give the summary. Shortly after my departure, Anna was addressed by a man whom she married upon a

six week's acquaintance: that man was coarse, repulsive, vulgar and illiterate; but he was rich, and, though herself well provided, Anna Hervey married him for his wealth! So ended my first love: the object of it had plainly been invested by the romance of my youthful mind with a sensibility, delicacy, and modesty, to which she had no title. I had mistaken the bashfulness of a simple country girl for those high attributes. The favours which afforded me so much delight and pride, she had set no value upon; or if sensible enough of the import of such favours when granted by a young woman in the bloom of youthful beauty to an ardent young man, she must have a mind coarse and indelicate, though aware of that import, when she lavished them where her heart went not with them: either alternative, and one or other is inevitable, is decisive of her character. I was at the moment confounded: but I have now lived long enough in the world to know how often an ingenuous countenance, and artless demeanor, belong to the mean and deceitful, and that nature's fairest, are not always her noblest, works. I had not, when I loved Anna Hervey, this experience. I was deceived; yet the phantom which my own fancy raised continues to haunt my memory, and though I am now aware I loved an airy nothing, yet, like Gibbon, I am proud that I was once capable of feeling so pure and exalted a passion.

Europ. Mag.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From the London Literary Chronicle.

Visit to the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.—O! Mr. Editor, I have had such a treat. You must know I have breakfasted and dined with the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, who arrived here a few days ago, and have taken up their abode at Osborn's Hotel, in the Adelphi. I found them playing a rubber at whist, double dummy, for a rump steak and oyster sauce for half a dozen. The queen won, and very politely commanded me to be of the party, when with that respect to which every anointed king is entitled, I accepted the honour. Instead of finding his majesty—

"A full gorg'd savage at a nauseous feast,"

I was soon convinced that he was a 'marvellous proper man,' and might pass for an honest John Bull, who had served seven years in the Indigo warehouse, in Leadenhall street. He is stout and well made; is like all his countrymen, fond of boxing and wrestling, and will, I doubt not, if he remains long enough in London, have a trial for the championship. His majesty, who I am sorry to find has an alias to his name, is called Rihoo Rihoo, but his regal name is Tamehameho. He is accompanied by the governor of Wahoo, (which is the seat of royalty in the Sandwich Islands) who is a

very intelligent man. After dinner we had a segar each, and, *proh pudor*, his majesty would have very irreverently lighted his pipe with a religious tract that a certain lady had sent him, had not I and the governor interposed Jeremy Bentham's last volume, out of which the king tore a few leaves.—Our conversation was rather general than otherwise: so far as I was able to ascertain, his majesty is fond of good living, for one of his first inquiries was if I knew Dr. Kitchener, and he afterwards asked which was the best chop-house. I mentioned Dolly's, the Cheshire Cheese, my friend Watkins's in Thread-needle street, and two or three others I am in the habit of occasionally frequenting, all of which his majesty of Wahoo promised to try.

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innumerable particulars, the characteristics of my solitary studious boyhood, passed in a recluse and barbarous district. I am now not old. I have yet a keen relish for the joys of gaiety and dissipation. I am to be found in the crowded haunts of pleasure and fashion. I am, in outward form, in aspect, and demeanor, and in my general modes of thinking, acting and speaking, what is termed a man of the world.

I have been a hacknied gallant, a practised man of pleasure, adroit, confident, unblenching, yet my memory loves to dwell on my sensations when first, a raw stripling, I was introduced to Anna Hervey.

The effect which an apartment studiously accommodated to all the purposes of luxury and embellished with all the voluptuous refinements art is capable of producing on the mind of a novice, has been frequently described: but what is it to my sensations on being transported from a dreary, bleak, and desolate region to the delicious and cultivated garden which the country around * * * * * formed? Every object which I saw conspired to make the same impression upon me. I had exchanged savage rocks, and sterile hills, for rich pastures and luxuriant corn fields. Instead of stunted shrubs and briars, I beheld the bountiful foliage of the finest timber. Above my head, no angry cloud lowered, but the blue firmament expanded to my sight. The tenants of these scenes were equally different from those of my earlier abode. The women were no longer coarse, ill formed, haggard, or miserable; but appareled, to my eyes, with elegance and taste, themselves clothed in loveliness and beauty. Some delightful object possessed my every sense. I found myself in a world of happiness; gaunt poverty, grim, shivering cold, seemed to be banished from the scene. To walk forth in this paradise, to look on the wealth, the comfort around me, gave delight to my soul. It was while every thing thus disposed me to feel the full influence of her charms, that I met my first and best beloved. She was an object so new to me, so delightful to me—but if I go on to describe my emotions, I shall only ring the changes on that word, delight, nouns, adjectives and adverbs, a thousand times. Anna's beauty was of that species exclusively English. Not tall, but delicately shaped, her person full, her complexion fair, her eyes large and round, and bright blue, her hair auburn; such are the terms by which I must endeavour to convey to the mind of the reader a conception of that image my soul treasures up. How weak, how inadequate are they! She seemed to me all innocence and sincerity, and my love was as guileless as ever love was. The romance of my heart fed upon the thought of her. I felt new life; I felt a power, an elevation of soul and intellect which I had never experienced. Every

song of love and chivalry which I knew, rose to my lips, and I carolled them over a thousand times. I felt an hero. How soothing to my vanity was the first intimation I received that I was not indifferent to her! How anxiously did I look for a confirmation of it! I have stood in the "imminent deadly breach," I have been where havoc raged far and wide around me, I have had my nerves and fortitude tried in other and perhaps more fearful perils; yet never did my eye exert its watchfulness with half that steadfastness and intensity with which it regarded the bright blue eye of my first love; and when it returned the undoubted glance of favour, how glowed my heart! It may seem childish—but what is real and natural cannot be ridiculous. To this hour, however, I well remember that particular turn of countenance which I loved best—'twas when I looked upon that countenance and it was raised to meet my eye, half jocund with the sportiveness, and half blushing with the apprehensiveness of young love. My name, too, with what magical sweetness did her utterance endow it. That name—the truth will out, and I shall stand in some degree confessed. I am an Irishman, and that name is a Milesian one. I love to hear it loftily and roundly sounded, but I loved more to hear her lips breathe it, however curtailed of its fair proportions. My own voice too—its brogue is now gone—but how its sounds appalled me as I hearkened to hers. Amongst the men I felt unabashed, if not proud of the large, full volume of my country's dialect; but when it was heard alone with the soft clear accents of my fair young Englishwoman, it struck upon my ear like the growl of a savage. We used to ride and walk together, and then I was happy. I won her gradually.

Some "passages of my love" were too dear and flattering to me to be forgotten. Let not the reader smile as I detail one. I well remember one day, which we had fixed for an excursion together, became, shortly before the appointed hour, overcast. I kept the tryst, nevertheless, and she came abroad with me. Then, as I viewed the lowering sky, my eye turned upon her soft and delicate form, my heart smote me, and I said I should be too selfish to take her forth in such weather; but she would not return. We had gone only a short way, when snow began to fall, for the winter had come. Again I remonstrated: yet we continued our progress; nor did we turn homeward till we had, notwithstanding my reiterated solicitations to the contrary, gone some miles. The snow became heavier; and my apprehensions for my fair companion proportionally greater. With some little difficulty I prevailed upon her to allow me to place round her neck the military kerchief I wore upon mine; and shifting myself from her right to her left side, as the

storm veered in its direction, I succeeded in protecting her. I have had the brightest gems from the fairest women of the * * * * * but I must not boast;—never was lady's favour so grateful to me, as was that incident of the kerchief. That I experienced such sensations may sufficiently demonstrate how guileless and simple, yet ardent, was my passion; but I am tempted to mention some other particulars. What then will my reader think, when I tell him that one of my chief pleasures was, when, in our rambles together, we stopped for rest, to form of such materials as lay within reach, a throne for my fair companion, and to seat myself at her feet! When so placed I used to look up at her, and, while our talk was of indifferent matters, my soul banqueted on the thoughts which the view of her beautiful and innocent countenance created within me. I enjoyed a reverie more delicious than I can express, and the elements of which I am equally incapable of describing. Vague images of love and peace, and gentleness and virtue occupied my fancy: I must have experienced something like what the Poets have done in their day-dreams. All I know is, that I had on such occasions greater enjoyment than the whole course of my after life has afforded; and that I would give all I possess of the substantial goods of life to taste again the same shadowy bliss.

While thus I dreamt my soul away, time flew by, and the hour at length arrived which summoned me abroad. I must be brief at the hazard of being abrupt. I need not say with what indications of mutual reluctance we were severed. I was too poor, as well as too young, then, to marry, and I could not, therefore, venture expressly to declare my love: but words surely were not needful to intimate it. Had not my assiduity, my covetousness of her company, my glowing eye, my flushing cheek, my whole mien evinced my devotion; and had not our lonely walks and rides together, our happy meetings, our reluctant separations, all attested the affection which animated us? We parted, and with a heavy heart I took my way. Heaven is my witness, how fondly I yet loved, when, after the lapse of eight months, I unexpectedly found myself free and disengaged. I had no room for hesitation as to how I should dispose of my leisure. I flew back to * * * * *. My first inquiry was of Anna Hervey. "Anna Hervey no longer"—was the response: she was married. When somewhat recovered from the effect of these tidings, my question was, "how married, and to whom?" I need not detail, however, the manner in which I became successively acquainted with one circumstance after another. Let me hasten to give the summary. Shortly after my departure, Anna was addressed by a man whom she married upon a

six week's acquaintance: that man was coarse, repulsive, vulgar and illiterate; but he was rich, and, though herself well provided, Anna Hervey married him for his wealth! So ended my first love: the object of it had plainly been invested by the romance of my youthful mind with a sensibility, delicacy, and modesty, to which she had no title. I had mistaken the bashfulness of a simple country girl for those high attributes. The favours which afforded me so much delight and pride, she had set no value upon; or if sensible enough of the import of such favours when granted by a young woman in the bloom of youthful beauty to an ardent young man, she must have a mind coarse and indelicate, though aware of that import, when she lavished them where her heart went not with them: either alternative, and one or other is inevitable, is decisive of her character. I was at the moment confounded: but I have now lived long enough in the world to know how often an ingenuous countenance, and artless demeanor, belong to the mean and deceitful, and that nature's fairest, are not always her noblest, works. I had not, when I loved Anna Hervey, this experience. I was deceived; yet the phantom which my own fancy raised continues to haunt my memory, and though I am now aware I loved an airy nothing, yet, like Gibbon, I am proud that I was once capable of feeling so pure and exalted a passion.

Europ. Mag.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From the London Literary Chronicle.

Visit to the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.—O! Mr. Editor, I have had such a treat. You must know I have breakfasted and dined with the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, who arrived here a few days ago, and have taken up their abode at Osborn's Hotel, in the Adelphi. I found them playing a rubber at whist, double dummy, for a rump steak and oyster sauce for half a dozen. The queen won, and very politely commanded me to be of the party, when with that respect to which every anointed king is entitled, I accepted the honour. Instead of finding his majesty—

"A full gorg'd savage at a nauseous feast,"

I was soon convinced that he was a 'marvellous proper man,' and might pass for an honest John Bull, who had served seven years in the Indigo warehouse, in Leadenhall street. He is stout and well made; is like all his countrymen, fond of boxing and wrestling, and will, I doubt not, if he remains long enough in London, have a trial for the championship. His majesty, who I am sorry to find has an alias to his name, is called Rihoo Rihoo, but his regal name is Tamehameho. He is accompanied by the governor of Wahoo, (which is the seat of royalty in the Sandwich Islands) who is a

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'is that beast, John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks.'—'Aye,' says my lord, 'is poor John sick? alas, I am sorry for him.'—'I am complaining,' says my lady, 'that he is drunk, and has overturned me.'—'Aye,' answered his lordship, 'to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice.' My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words: "John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family: my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I can see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself the next morning in a woeful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons upon which it commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit, for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters than lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, 'he was extremely glad to hear that the fever had left him, and desired to see him.' When John came in, 'Well, John,' says he, 'I hope this bout is over.'—'Ah, my lord,' says John, 'I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again.' 'Aye, aye,' says my lord, 'you are right; nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you should not complain; and I promise you, you shall always have the same attendance that you have had now.'—'God bless your lordship,' says John, 'I hope there will be no need.'—'So do I, too,' says his lordship, 'but as long as you do your duty to me, never fear, I shall do mine to you.'

Character.—"Sir," observed a publican of Doncaster, to a man notorious for never speaking truth, "you have taken away my character." "How so?" said the other, "I never mentioned your name in my life." "No matter for that," rejoined Boniface, "before you came here I was reckoned the greatest liar of the place."

"I come straight from London," said a crooked little lady in answer to a question put to her. "Did you," said a Cambridge wag, "Then you must have been confoundedly warped by the way."

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1824.

THE UNITED STATES LITERARY GAZETTE.

The importance of producing a favourable impression at first sight is duly appreciated by the publishers of this work, which is one of the most beautiful specimens of typography that our country has produced. In conducting it, the editors appear, in the department of Reviews, to have revived a somewhat obsolete fashion, viz: that of giving a fair, bona-fide, account of the book reviewed, instead of the opinions of the writer upon any subject that may happen to be suggested by the title of the work that he chooses to place over his essays; a plan which, we have no doubt, a large class of readers will approve. The fashion of considering the work under review as of secondary or no importance, whenever it pleases the reviewer so to consider it, has doubtless been sufficiently popular to account for its general adoption; but the fickleness of public taste may now justify a different course.

The serious articles in this work, we consider far superior in merit to those of a lighter class, of which, the wit and humour is not so striking as the correctness of thinking exhibited in the others. We were particularly pleased with the Reviews of Lord Byron's Cain, & of Craig's Inquiry into the religious principles of the Quakers; and under the head of Politics, the article "On the growth of the United States," of which last, we intend in a future number to give some extracts.

CINCINNATI FEMALE ACADEMY.

J. LOCKE, M. D. *Principal.*

The annual examination of the pupils of this institution took place on Thursday and Friday of this week. It was truly gratifying to witness the rapid improvements of the pupils generally, in all the branches of science taught in this institution, and more particularly in those of Natural and Moral Philosophy, and Botany. The following prizes were awarded to the most distinguished pupils.

A GOLD MEDAL, to Miss AMANDA V. DRAKE, for excellence in most of the various branches of learning studied in the Academy.

SILVER MEDALS, to the following young ladies:

Miss MARY LONGWORTH,* for excellence in Moral Philosophy.

* Miss LONGWORTH, who received the Gold Medal last year, is still a member of the Academy, and is distinguishing herself in the higher branches of education, in one of which (Moral Philosophy) she has received a medal.

Miss SARAH LORING, for excellence in Natural Philosophy.

Miss FRANCES WILSON, for excellence in English Grammar.

Miss JANE KEYS, for excellence in Botany.

Miss ELIZA LONGWORTH, for excellence in Geography.

Miss SELINA MORRIS, for excellence in Geography.

Miss JANE LORING, for excellence in Arithmetic.

Miss CHARLOTTE ROGERS, for excellence in Rhetoric.

Miss MARY ROGERS, for excellence in Reading.

Miss ELIZABETH HAMILTON, for excellence in Writing.

Letters of commendation for distinguished merit in junior classes, were given to

Miss Amanda Lawrence,
Miss Charlotte De Witt,
Miss Amelia Noble, and
Miss Mary Drake.

Premiums were given to the following Misses of the Preparatory Department.

Ann Louisa Wilmer,
Susanna Martin,
Amelia Looker, and
Ann Reeder.

The exercises of the forenoon on Thursday, were closed by the Rev. Doct. Ruter, in which he spoke in terms of high commendation, both of the institution in general and of the various performances of the day. He mentioned the female mind as being capable of any degree of improvement to which the other sex ever attained, and exhorted the young ladies to persevere in the acquisition of knowledge and virtue.

The exercises on Friday were closed by an address from the Rev. Doct. Wilson, in which he felicitated the parents upon the establishment of the Academy among them, congratulated the young ladies upon the honour they had done themselves, and concluded with a pious and impressive exhortation that with all their acquisitions, they ought to get "That wisdom which cometh from above."

PENMANSHIP.

We were much gratified by an inspection of some specimens of Penmanship produced by a small class of young ladies attached to Doctor Locke's Female Academy, who have been instructed by Mr. William C. Pope. The improvement that has been made in the course of a few lessons, is very obvious. The elegant, round, systematic hand which Mr. P. has introduced, and which he appears so capable of teaching, justly claims the attention of teachers of schools, and the admirers of this useful branch of education.

Mr. Pope, whose object in visiting this place, is to establish an English Seminary, has we are informed, been solicited to institute also, a Writing Academy for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen, and he will, we understand, (if suitably encouraged) instruct a few classes of young ladies in Penmanship, between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock, A. M. at Doctor Locke's Academy.

Literary AND Scientific Notices.

VERMONT ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

An Institution with this title, and connected with Middlebury College, has been established at Castleton (Vt.) The number of students who attended the last term (126) is said to be greater than that of any similar institution in New England. The lectures commence on the first Tuesday in Sept. and continue 14 weeks under the following Professors.

William Tully, M. D. Prof. of the Theory and Practice and Med. Jurisprudence. Theo. Woodward, M. D. Prof. of Surgery and Obstetrics. Wm. Anderson, M. D. Prof. of Anatomy and Physiology. Amos Eaton, esq. Prof. of Chemistry and Nat. Philosophy. J. A. Allen, M. D. Prof. of Botany and Materia Medica.

A new periodical work, entitled the New York Monthly Chronicle of Medicine and Surgery, by an Association of Physicians, is announced for publication on the 15th of this month, by Bliss and White.

The first number of the Medical Review and Analectic Journal, conducted by John Eberle, M. D. and George McClelland, M. D. has lately been published in Philadelphia. It is to be continued quarterly.

A Life of Gen. SUMPTER, with additional anecdotes of MARION, is announced at Charleston. The work is enriched with original Documents and Illustrations, and with an interesting and concise History of Carolina, from its settlement to the American Revolution. By the Honorable Judge James.

The following new publications are announced in London.

An Exposure of the Fallacy of the Hamiltonian system, By John Hooper Hartwell.

The Monumental Remains of Noble and Eminent Persons who flourished in Great Britain prior to the general introduction of portrait painting.

The Witch Finder, or the wisdom of our ancestors; a Romance; by the author of Lollards.

A statement of the principal facts in the public life of Augustin De Iturbide, written by himself.

Memoirs of Painting, containing a chronological history of the different collections of pictures of importance which have been brought to Great Britain since the French Revolution: together with remarks, historical and critical, on the art in general by W. Buchanan, Esq.

Typographia, or the Printer's instructor, by J. Johnson, Printer; embellished with numerous engravings on wood.

A Picturesque Tour of the Rivers Ganges, and Jumna, to be published in six numbers; consisting of twenty four coloured views, a map, and vignettes, from original drawings made on the spot by Lieut. Col. Forrest; and forming a companion-work to the "Picturesque Tours of the Rhine and Seine."

Letter between Amelia in London, and her Mother in the country, from the pen of the late William Combe, Esq. the popular author of "The Three Tours of Dr. Syntax."

Mr. Andre, of Stuttgart, proprietor of the *Hesperus*, a daily paper, printed in that city, has publicly offered a premium of one hundred ducats for the best essay on the *liberty of the press*, as the means, and the *guarantee of the rights of the citizen*, as the end.

Summary.

The Convention of the State of Rhode Island have formed a Constitution, for that State, which is to be submitted to the people for their approbation in October next. The following is the 7th article.

Of Education.

1. A fund shall be created from all moneys received for taxes on licenses, granted under the authority of this State, for the support of Free Schools, which shall be called the School Fund, and shall be invested, and remain a perpetual fund, and shall continue to accumulate, until the interest arising therefrom, together with the taxes annually paid on licenses, shall be sufficient to support Free Schools, at least three months in each year, in every town in this State.

2. All charitable donations for the support of Free Schools, shall be invested and applied agreeably to the will and pleasure of the donors.

3. The General Assembly shall make all the necessary provisions by law for carrying this article into effect: but no law shall ever be passed, authorizing said fund to be diverted to any other use than the support of Free Schools, in the several towns in this State, as provided in the first paragraph of this article.

Inland Navigation.—It is with pleasure we notice the arrival from Mauch Chunk of a boat laden with 226 barrels Flour and twenty tons Coal. The flour was manufactured on the northeast branch of the Susquehanna. And this arrival is an interesting fact, inasmuch as it is the first experiment of bringing the trade of that river to Philadelphia by means of the improved navi-

gation of the Lehigh. The freight of this flour from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia, a distance of 140 miles, was 30 cents per barrel.

It is also gratifying to state that the Lehigh Company have sent down to this city the present season 150 boats carrying 230,000 bushels of coal, and that the regular shipments from Mauch Chunk now amount to 3000 bushels per day. *Demo. Press.*

Floating Bookstore.—A boat named the Encyclopedia of Albany is now afloat on the great western Canal, containing a Bookstore and Lottery office. The National Democrat says it will move up and down the canal conveying the riches of science as well as the gifts of fortune to their respective favourites.

France.—The French Ministers have been unexpectedly beaten in the Chamber of Peers, where the financial law was rejected by a majority considerably larger than could have been anticipated; it was said that a change of ministers would be the first consequence of this defeat. We believe however, that the best informed parties do not apprehend this result.

Lisbon.—The intelligence from Lisbon is little more than a recapitulation of our former accounts. The crisis, however, is over, and the King resumed the full exercise of his authority. Don Miguel had taken his departure in the Perola, a Portuguese frigate, on the 24th for Brest. His Royal Highness will travel under the title of the Duke of Beja, and he is attended by his chamberlain, the Conde de Rio Major.

Spain.—The amnesty of King Ferdinand, with its copious schedule of exceptions, has been made public, and is in truth, a proscription of the most sanguinary and rigorous character, embracing within its range, if not the whole Spanish people, undoubtedly the whole of the intelligent part of the nation. Thousands who have hitherto supposed themselves exempt from the necessity of asking for the king's forgiveness, find, with astonishment and alarm, that the application has not been waited for; and that they are included in the proscribing exceptions.—From Madrid alone (the smallest capital in Europe) 7000 families are said to have emigrated since the 1st January.

Errata.—In the tale of Okumanitas, page 1. commence the 5th sentence at "winding through forests, &c."

Page 8. line 8. 1st column, for "lyre," read "pyre." Last line 1st column for "thy" read "your."

In Clio, no. 5. in the account of Nabijas for the date of "1790" read "1170."

To Correspondents.—Mount Michael in our next.

D. L. F. H's. lines require several corrections and alterations by the author.

POETRY.

For the Cincinnati Literary Gazette.

THE THUNDER STORM.

No radiant beam has cheer'd the joyless day,
Nature seems robed in all her sad attire;
Obscur'd and dim, thro' mists of thick'ning grey
The sun appears a gloomy ball of fire.

But lo! he sinks fast in the western heaven,
Thro' murky shades, the night-bird slowly flies,
While gathering clouds, in swift confusion driven,
Portend a tempest, low'ring in the skies.

The moon in darkness veils her crescent form,
Tho' late Ohio, on thy breast she smiled,
Thy turbid wave, rolls dark beneath the storm,
And round thy arks, the rocking winds roar wild.

The shivering oak alarms the list'ning ear
And scattered fragments cross the hunter's path,
The vengeful besom sweeps the gay parterre,
And ripening fields are mark'd with fearful scath.

Redoubling horror all the concave shrouds,
Re-echoing thunders startle and affright;
The lightnings dance among the sable clouds,
And stream athwart the stormy-bosom'd night.

Dark and sublime, amid the fitful glare
Destruction rides triumphant on the storm,
While deep and fervent, hark—the voice of prayer
Is heard from lips, that never learned its form!

'Mid scenes like this, the spirit seems to pause
In wordless dread on nature's awful verge,
Jehovah stands reveal'd, the eternal cause,
That wakes the storm & binds the madd'ning surge.

D.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sweet moon-lit hour, when minds oppress,
Snatch relief in balmy rest,
And memory on our path of flowers
Calls up a flush of rosy hours,
Thou shed'st on frolic boyhood's scenes
The brightness of thy yellow beams.

Sweet hour of night, the pow'r is thine
To wake the soul to thought sublime;
Soaring beyond the mind's belief,
Of worldly care and wordly grief,
We gaze upon yon cloudless sky
And own thy glorious majesty.

Sweet hour of peace, to thee belong
The breathings of the minstrel's song,
When lover's hearts as fountains free
Gush out in streams of melody,
With tones that break the stilly night
And charm the ear of beauty bright.

It is the hour when genius sings,
And soars sublime on seraph wings,
When starry skies alone impart
Their impress o'er the feeling heart,
And tenderest visions oft intrude:
Sweet heav'nly hour of solitude.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

How vain and transient, haughty man,
Is all thou rearest below,
Compar'd with the omniscient plan
Which thou canst never know!

Then cease, vain man, to hoard up wealth,
Nor rear thy palace high,
Since after all thy toil and stealth,
It reaches not the sky!

Thou canst not climb, vain man, to heaven,
On polish'd steps of art;
And canst thou think the gold that's given
Will real joys impart?

Reflect, O man, how short thy breath!
How like the fleeting wave!
Think when thy aged limbs in death,
Shall moulder in the grave.

Think when thy form of boasted birth
Shall bow its lofty head,
Return unto its mother earth,
And number with the dead!

M. A. A. H.

SELECTED.

FROM

PALESTINE.

A POEM:—By Reginald Heber.

Triumphant race, and did your power decay?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?
No, by that sword, which red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil the stripling champion tore,
By him, the chief to furthest India known,
The mighty master of the ivory throne,
In God's own strength high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose,
Before her foot-stool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.

And he the wond'rous sage, whose mighty mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd,
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew,
To him was known (so Hagar's offspring tell)
The powerful sigil and the starry spell,
The midnight call hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that wake the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might, for who could these oppose?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.
But e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
There oft the houseless Santon sits reclin'd;
Strange shapes he views and drinks with wond'ring
ears,

The visions of the dead and songs of future years.
Such, the faint echo of departed days,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays,
And thus her fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel.

For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,
And fair Sofala teemed with golden ore,

Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase
And bask and wanton in the smiles of peace.

When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome,
Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chissel brush'd the Parian stone;
Yet here fair science shed her kindly fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then towered the palace, then in awful state
The temple rear'd its everlasting gate.
No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung,
Majestic silence! then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep voic'd tempest
spoke,

And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
Eyed the descending flame and bless'd the coming
God.

Nor shrunk she then, when raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who dragg'd to Shinar's fiery strand
Till'd with reluctant strength, the stranger's land,
Who sadly told the slow revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears:
Yet e'en their hearts with kindling hope would
burn,
Their destin'd triumphs and their glad return;
And their sad lyres, which silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
And from the skies their lingering saviour claim;
His promis'd aid could every fear control,
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the hero's
soul.

Nor vain their hope; bright beaming thro' the
sky,
Burst in full blaze the day-spring from on high,
Earth's utmost Isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo! star-led chiefs, Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant king:
Mark'd ye where hovering o'er his sacred head,
The dove's white wings celestial odours shed:
Daughter of Zion, virgin Queen rejoice;
Clap the glad hand and lift the exulting voice!
He comes, but not in regal splendor drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest,
Not arm'd in flames, all glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the Lord of War,
Messiah comes, let furious discord cease!
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace.
The beams of gladness, Hell's dark caves illum'd,
And mercy broods above the distant gloom.

MR. DANIEL PARKER is expected to
preach at the Court House in Cincinnati,
to-morrow at 11 o'clock, A. M.: and in the
afternoon at Mr. Vance's house above Deer
Creek.

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